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ITALIAN TALES^{7. 1829.}

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

THOMAS BROWNE, ESQ.

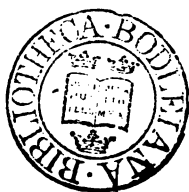
*Gesang und Liebe, in schönem Verein,
Sie erhalten dem Leben den Jugendschein.*

SCHILLER.

LONDON:

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.
1829.

41.



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IMELDA AND GIOVANNI.

Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

IMELDA AND GIOVANNI.


By few unknown, who e'er have trod that ground,
So long for freedom, arts, and arms renown'd,
Bologna stands, though reft her ancient pow'r,
Not all unworthy of her earlier hour;
Below the city, Apennine on high,
Above, around, the sky of Italy,
Might many a dream of fancy fair inspire,
To rouse the painter's or the poet's fire;
And well her sons have nature's gifts repaid,
By forms more bright than nature self array'd,
Whose magic mimicry of colours mates
Aught that the mind of other air creates,

And few there be can view with heedless eye
Zampieri's martyrs groan, or Guido's virgins sigh.
But these are glories of a later day,
'Tis ours a tale of olden time to say,
While yet the city, free, by faction toss'd,
Her freedom priz'd not truly, till 'twas lost.

The young Imelda in her bower reclin'd
Alone, and commun'd with her pensive mind ;
Imelda, fairest of Bologna's maids,
Pale from her lattice watch'd the length'ning shades ;
'Tis eve, yet recks she not those colours bright,
That dye th' horizon with a flood of light ;
The soft repose, the quiet of that hour,
The odours wafted from each drooping flow'r ;
'Tis eve, her lover comes ere set of sun,
Yet dares she not bid time too swiftly run,
To speed an hour so fraught with hopes and
fears,
Within it seem to pass the thoughts of years ;

She loves, oh ! who that early dream hath known,
And makes not straight each tale of love his own !
She loves, with all the glowing soul of youth,
With woman's " confident, undoubting truth ;"
How oft with rapture hath he sworn, that she,
Whate'er may chance, alone his bride shall be !
Revenge ! their parent's enmity forgot !
By him belov'd, she asks no happier lot,
In vain, long since, from childhood, bade to know
In him she loves, her house's mortal foe.

A spacious garden¹ by the lattice lay,
From whence Imelda watch'd the parting day,
Where trees, shrubs, flowers, most grateful to the
sense,
Spread forth, in bounteous nature's opulence,
Hues, balmy odours ; from the trelliss'd vine
In the rich light the purple clusters shine ;
The mournful cypress here, the orange bough
With blossoms budding, with fruit bending now ;²



With bay-tree, roses, and the jessamine,
In wild profusion, varying sweets combine ;
A marble fountain in the centre play'd,
Bubbling beneath the arching greenwood shade,
And oft at eve, the alleys green among,
Was heard the nightingale's sad, soothing song.

'Twas silent all ; at once a plaintive lute
Touch'd gently, sounded, then again was mute ;
So faint the murmur, scarce the tranquil air
Seem'd on its wings the burden light to bear.
Not to Imelda feeble sounds the strain,
That warms her cheek, and thrills through every
vein ;

She starts, and radiant from her bower descends,
To the soft sound her hurried steps she bends ;
Well to her sense hath her fond heart replied,
'Tis he she loves, Giovanni, at her side.

I pass the quivering lip, the tearful eye,
The faint sweet smile, half struggling with a sigh ;

I pass the timid blush, the transports o'er,
Felt once, alas! but to be felt no more,
In those unconscious days, when earth yet seems
The paradise of fancy's wildest dreams.
Giovanni gaz'd upon Imelda's face,
Where now, too plain, his anxious eye might
trace,

E'en through her present joy, some lines of care,
Yet sate so well that melancholy air,
He thought she ne'er had look'd more passing fair.
The radiant glances of her sparkling eye
Beam'd, as from one for whom 'twere sweet to die;
The high resolve, the feelings keen were there,
The soul that much could suffer, much could dare;
Th' intrepid soul, in peril prompt to save,
Whose dauntless impulse makes e'en cowards
brave;

Yet paler than her wont appear'd she now,
The youth observ'd the sadness on her brow,

And thus he spake : “ My own Imelda, tell,
What secret cares thy anxious bosom swell :
Reveal’d unto my sympathising heart,
Whate’er it is, thy grief shall lose its smart ;
Oh ! well thou know’st, that nought on earth can be
But half so dear, as is thy love to me !”

“ I doubt thee not,” she said, “ though oft in vain
I’ve wish’d thou ne’er hadst seen St. Francis’ fane,
When sounded to mine ear thy voice that day
So soft, it chas’d all future cares away ;
For nought, alas ! where’er I turn, removes
The barrier fated to our hapless loves.
Our houses’ hatred like a torrent flows,
That fury gathers as it onward goes ;
My father slain, in visions of the night,
Stands pale, and smear’d with blood, before my
sight,
With rais’d right hand, as though he curses shed
On her who dared his murderer’s son to wed.

Yet such I held but shadows, terrors vain,
The wild creations of a fever'd brain;
But now, despis'd no more, too sure appear
In stern reality these dreams of fear.
This morn Uberto to my chamber came,
"Sister," he said, while seem'd his eyes on flame,
"For our dead father long I've seen thy grief,
But henceforth dry thy tears, I bring relief:
What balmy opiates, like revenge, can steep
Long-cherish'd woes in everlasting sleep!
Revenge! Imelda, swift revenge is thine,
I've mark'd the heir of Gieremei's line,
The young Giovanni. Wherefore dost thou
start?

Ah, well I know thy true and tender heart
The sound endures not of that hated name,
The living record of our house's shame!
Still drooping?—Fear not for thy brother's life,
Risk'd in the perils of a deadly strife:

While stain'd our honour, not to him belongs
An open fight! the meed of generous wrongs.
No! sudden, secret, dark, shall be his fate,
Such as no eye shall see, no tongue relate;
Snatch'd in youth's prime unhonour'd shall he
die,

No pitying friend receive his parting sigh,
Nor monumental marble o'er him raise,
To bear his glorious deeds to future days:
Live shall his name, a fearful sound to those
Who dare henceforth to call themselves our foes."

While thus he spake, a dagger from his side
He drew, with half the blade in purple dyed.
" This venom'd steel was brought from Araby,
What time great Frederic cross'd the foaming
sea ;"

From the bright point one touch, and all is o'er,
He falls, he struggles, groans, and breathes no
more !"

“ Oh, my Giovanni ! from Bologna’s wall
Fly, ere on both one headlong ruin fall ;
Upbraid me not, I know thou canst not fear,
Aught else, thou ne’er hadst been to me so dear ;
Yet think not I can ever bear to see
So sad a sight, my brother slain or thee.
Nay, start not, doubt not, leave me, fly this night,
Fly far from hence, while darkness aids thy flight ;
Thine, thine I am, while life-blood warms my
veins,

While memory in this care-worn bosom reigns ;
Where’er thou goest, my spirit shall be there,
My lips, in thought, inhale that heav’n-blest air ;
Deep is thine image graven on my heart,
Never, in life, in death, from thence to part :
For thee alone I breathe, till happier time
Bring fairer hopes, nor make our loves a crime.”

“ And whither from thee, dearest, should I fly,
To live is here to stay, to go to die ;

Come death, as come it must, give thou the
word,

I bare my bosom to thy brother's sword ;
So might our city's long dissensions cease,
And vengeance sated, henceforth rest in peace.
'Tis thine, Imelda, dark though fortune low'rs,
To doom that happiness shall yet be ours ;
Yet while 'tis time, to Florence let us fly,
To lovely Florence, star of Italy :
For there sure friends I have, in danger tried,
Past griefs forgot, thou there shalt be my bride,
And not the world in arms shall tear thee from my
side."

" Oh, hush !" with broken accents said the
maid,

And trembling pointed to the neighbouring shade :
" Seem'd, as thou spak'st, from under yon dark
bough,

Two fiery eyes to glare on me but now."

“ Fear’st thou, my love? ’Twas but some idle
dream,

Or sudden radiance of the sun’s last gleam ;
Have we not oft here pledg’d our loves alone,
To all, save Him who reigns on high, unknown ?
Nay, seek no subterfuge, to shield thine ear
From what, thus madly urg’d, thou wouldst not
hear ;

Let those fair lips my destiny decree,
By them pronounc’d, e’en death is sweet to me.”

While thus, in accents soothing, warm, and wild,
The youth the maiden’s yielding heart beguil’d,
As at her feet he kneels, with tearful eye,
And throbbing heart, she half resolves to fly ;
With weapon bar’d, Uberto from the shade
Swift darts, and buries in his side the blade.
Loud shriek’d the youth, “ Imelda !” once he
cried,

Then totter’d, backward gasping fell, and died.

The maid aghast in speechless horror stands,
With suppliant look she wildly clasps her hands :
She sinks, earth seems to reel before her sight,
Her swimming eyeballs close in blackest night ;
Stretch'd pale and motionless upon the ground
She lies, unconscious of all things around :
Arous'd at length, as from a fearful dream,
Wild glare her eyes, unwilling yet to deem
Aught more than horrors of her sleep, the past ;
Till sudden, as a wandering glance she cast,
His blood she sees—enough—a torrent then,
Confus'd remembrance rush'd upon her brain ;
Yet shriek'd she not, nor wept ; ah ! vainly
brave,

E'en yet not hopeless him she loves to save !
She looks around, but not Giovanni sees,
Till led by drops of blood beneath the trees,
With streaming hair half frantic swift she flies,
Where rudely cover'd by the boughs he lies.

Though warm, he breathes not, yet still bleeds
the wound ;

One hope remains, she sinks upon the ground,
And with her lips to the lov'd form applied,
She draws the deep-sunk venom from his side ;
'Tis vain—though feebler as his life-blood flows,
The maid impetuous with new fury glows ;
'Tis vain—her art, to save her love too weak,
With livid hue now dyes her own fair cheek,
From him deriv'd, her veins with poison swell,
From that pale corse, belov'd, alas ! too well !
She rais'd her lips, and faintly gasp'd for breath,
Then sank again upon his breast in death.



THE FORTUNES OF ANTONIO.


A repetition of the dull old tale,
That has pass'd muster for some thousand years,
And yet may pass some thousand more.

THE ARABIAN SAGE.

THE FORTUNES OF ANTONIO.

IN Naples once there dwelt a noble youth,
Antonio, fam'd for courage and for truth ;
An open soul in no mean shape confin'd,
His manly features spoke his generous mind.
One vice alone he had, that cast a shade
Upon a flower not destin'd else to fade—
On gaming, wildly, desperately bent,
Full soon a fair inheritance he spent ;
Until at length, of lands and stores bereft,
Of all he saw, scarce fifty florins left.
As sad from threatening ruin, in the street
He saunter'd, Isabel he chanc'd to meet ;

Fair Isabel, the rich Anselmo's heir,
His only child, his only earthly care.
'Twere long to tell what lovers round her sigh'd,
How the coy maid each anxious suit denied,
Yet gentler to Antonio than the rest,
At times it seem'd her eyes had half confess'd
To him what secret thoughts her bosom mov'd,
And now he doubted, now believ'd she lov'd.
Light danc'd the maiden's heart until he came :
Soon time, perchance, had fann'd the rising flame,
But fickle fortune oft will interpose,
In brightest days, a cloud ere evening close.
Deep veil'd from vespers home she now return'd ;
Antonio sighing, gaz'd on her, and burn'd
With shame, remorse, as fearing to be seen
He turn'd aside, and thought what might have been ;
While pass'd the maid, strange feelings held him
mute,
He dreaded e'en a distant, cold salute ;



Yet energies reviving from her sight
Burst forth, as beacon-fire upon the night ;
Hope fondly whisper'd, yet all is not vain,
Yet the firm soul its high reward may gain,
In toil and danger still unshaken stand,
And owe the conquest to thine own right hand.
But base he held it now, to ruin brought,
To seek the prize as yet he had not sought,
His love untold before, within his breast,
Till match'd his wealth her sire's, untold should
rest.


Descending to the harbour, soon he found
A ready ship for Alexandria bound ;
Of merchandise on board, three days' delay
Suffic'd Antonio's slender store to lay ;
Then to the fair breeze spread the swelling sail,¹
Lightly the vessel rode before the gale,
Foam'd from the furrowing keel the waters blue,
Loud laughed, carous'd, and sang the gallant crew.

Soon lay behind them Capri's rocky shore,
Amalfi, glorious, rich, and free no more ;
Salerno's towers where reign'd the Norman
bold,

And desert Pæstum with its temples old :
But as Licosa's point they swiftly pass'd,
With headlong fury sudden rose the blast,
With force resistless o'er the wave it sweeps,
Hoarse ocean murmurs from his inmost deeps ;
Clouds heap'd on clouds hide heav'n from mortal
sight,

Through the grim darkness flash the lightnings
bright ;

The billows burst upon the vessel's sides,
Onward as arrow from the bow she glides,
The rudder nought to guide her course avails,
Crash the tall masts, in tatters fly the sails ;
The hardy pilot's weather-beaten cheek
Grows pale with terrors that he scorns to speak ;



The sport of winds and waves the vessel flies,
Nor know restraint, nor stop the raging skies ;
For two long days upon the billows borne,
Afric they see with the third rising morn,
Where lofty Carthage once, now Tunis stands,
The dread of sailors with its pirate bands.
Hush'd was the storm, the waves still heaving

rose,

Nor lull'd as yet from fury to repose,
The steady breeze the hapless vessel bore
Still onward, full upon the hostile shore ;
When now, from either side, new source of fears,
A ship that bears the pirate-flag appears.
All flight is vain—o'erspent with toil they go,
'Scap'd from the storm, to match a fiercer foe,
Whose wrath impetuous as the billows rolls,
Not as the billows, the soft sky controls.
On, on, the pirates come—the sailors see
Nought left to choose but death or slavery :

Few words they said, then clear'd the deck for
fight,

'Twere base, unharm'd, to yield a freeman's right;
In number few, with weapons bar'd they stand,
Strong in their cause, a brave determin'd band.
Despair not yet, to westward veers the gale,
They hoist the remnant of the tatter'd sail;
Swift through the floods again the vessel bounds,
For Malta loud the joyous cry resounds;
Vain are their hopes, the ship that eastward lies,
With crowded sails athwart their passage flies;
Beneath the corsair prow, with deafening crash,
Burst their frail planks, and in the waters dash;
Antonio's courage with that hour swell'd high,
And all his soul seem'd flashing from his eye;
As with firm step and ready arm he rose,
And, onward rushing, leap'd amidst the foes;
Behind him soon the dauntless sailors came,
By desperate peril rous'd their hearts of flame;

The pistols flash'd, the deck in wreaths of smoke
Lay wrapp'd, while here and there the sabres
broke,

Uplifted glittering, through the misty shroud
In the sun's beams, as light'ning from a cloud ;
The combat deadlier with each minute glows,
To meet in fierce embrace, the raging foes
The bodies of the slain rush reeling o'er,
Where floats the deck in streams of crimson
gore ;

All, all are brave, what boots it here to fly ?
No shouts are heard but death or victory.
Before the Moslems, better arm'd, retir'd
The Christians twice—and twice, with fury fir'd,
Rallied with headlong impulse the bold crew,
Eager the work of slaughter to renew ;
Still doubtful was the fight, when from be-
hind

The pirate comrade bore down with the wind ;

Nought see they round them now but foes, 'tis
vain

The hopeless conflict farther to maintain ;
Fall'n are their best, a feeble remnant still
Dealt harmless blows, too faint from wounds to
kill ;

They yield—scarce ended was the struggle brave,
When sank their shatter'd bark beneath the wave.
Where late she stood the foaming eddies curl,
And round in rapid course the pirates whirl ;
They trembled, then enrag'd, thus snatch'd away
To see the dear-bought trophy of the fray,
Their bleeding prisoners in the hold they stow'd,
And their tir'd limbs with massive irons load ;
Antonio stretch'd upon the deck they found,
The blood yet issuing from a ghastly wound ;
Him faint and breathless, where his comrades lay
They flung, then hoisted sail, and steer'd for Tunis'
bay.

Again to Naples now our tale returns,³
Where lovely Isabel in secret mourns ;
For him she mourns, whose absence has reveal'd
Feelings till now, e'en from herself conceal'd ;
With beating heart, the maiden ponders o'er
Words, looks, unheeded or unfelt before ;
While airy visions her fond fancy rears,
Visions of bliss that to believe she fears,
Dims with a tear the fire of his eyes,
And ends each sentence that he spoke with sighs.
His faults forgot, her memory nought can see
But the high soul, the bearing frank and free ;
For gaming, thoughtless waste, she strives to find
The soft excuse of a too generous mind,
That scorn'd by fortune scant to be confin'd.
Days, weeks, months glide away, no tidings bear
Aught of Antonio to her anxious ear ;
Sick from her hopes deferr'd the maiden grows,
No longer blooms upon her cheek the rose ;

No more in glittering ball she leads the dance,
Nor wrinkled age bids smile beneath her sunny
glance :

Her sire Anselmo mark'd the change with pain,
And sought the leech's remedies in vain ;
Too deep the wound, too weak his healing art
To soothe the anguish of a bleeding heart :
The good old man of yore, when poor, had vow'd,
If e'er his fortunes rose from out their cloud,
To Barbary to ransom he would go,
Ten Christians yearly from the Paynim foe.
Sorrowing to leave his daughter thus, with fear
He saw the day of his departure near :
His pious vow he keeps ; the wind is fair ;
To the Madonna blest, with many a prayer,
Sad Isabel her trembling sire commends,
Then the tall ship with purpose firm ascends.
In five short days, the favouring breezes bore
The good Anselmo safe to Tunis' shore ;

Arriv'd, he chose ten captives to redeem,
Who the most wretched of the crowd did seem,
Their ransom paid, no longer he delay'd,
Bade all again embark, and anchor weigh'd.

Among the ransom'd, in a slave's disguise
Hid, as he pass'd before the old man's eyes,
With matted beard, and limbs by fetters worn,
Thin sallow cheek, and garments soil'd and torn,
So chang'd from what he was, who now could trace
Antonio's features in that captive's face?
Who, in that form so wasted and so frail,
It seem'd to shake with each breath of the gale,
That a long dreary tale of suffering told,
Could trace the sparkling glance, the bearing
bold?

Yes! it was he, whom from the pirate bands
Unwittingly redeem'd Anselmo's hands;
Who now returns to Naples, with his sight
To bring to Isabel long-lost delight.

But first Anselmo bade them at his door,
In the same dress which erst when slaves they wore ;
Be present on the morn, that all might see,
And seeing, praise his generosity.
Not his the lofty unambitious mind,
That in the silent breast its deeds confin'd,
And deem'd it paid for fame a price too high,
Whene'er those deeds obsery'd the vulgar eye.
'Twas the sole failing that the good man had :
Came on the morn the captives as he bade,
All in their servitude's base livery clad.
Behind them rush tumultuously the crowd,
And clamorous shout Anselmo's name aloud.
It chanc'd that instant from a window gaz'd—
Young Isabel upon the troop, amaz'd,
Sudden as marble motionless she stands,
And by her side drop down her nerveless hands,
As in that ghastly much-enduring crew,
Chang'd as he was, the maid Antonio knew.

Alas ! long-suffering, war, and dungeon chain,
Would hide from love the form below'd in vain ;
Dearer to Isabel than ever now
Is that pale sallow cheek, and care-worn brow ;
With a shrill cry she reels in act to fall,
An old attendant hastens at the call ;
Supports her fainting mistress in her arms,
And asks what caus'd her shriek, with fond
alarms.

In vain she asks, the cause to none reveal'd,
Deep in her inmost breast the maid conceal'd :
Hope dawns, a smile upon her features plays,
As on the rivulet the sun's dancing rays ;
Again she smiles, her sire his frantic glee
Scarce can restrain, th' unhop'd for change to see.

Antonio mark'd with joy the maid's surprise,
Her cheek that sudden flush'd, her beaming eyes ;
Whose hurried glance those feelings had confess'd,
That to believe scarce dar'd his secret breast.

Home he return'd—his face betray'd no more
The sad remembrance of his sorrows o'er,
Secure, whate'er his fate should be, to find
The constant sympathy of one true mind.
What, though sometimes his memory would
recall

The days of reckless waste, the lordly hall,
The riot of the banquet, and the state,
When at his nod proud menials us'd to wait—
A mournful contrast to the humble shed,
That from the weather shelter'd now his head,
Where with an old domestic he abode,
Who paid the son what to the sire he owed ;
Yet ne'er before his star had shone so bright,
As now at once it dawn'd from out the night.
Again upon him wayward fortune smiles,
And Isabel his every care beguiles.
His anxious mind revolves a thousand schemes.
That hope suggests, and reason mocks as dreams.

Antonio late that night retir'd to rest,
But sleep in vain long sought his lab'ring breast;
Each moment some fresh chance his fortunes
cross'd,

He thought himself in endless labyrinths lost;
And when, by pondering much, exhausted strength
Into a brief repose had sunk at length,
A crowd of dreams, all vague and undefin'd,
Ran in succession rapid o'er his mind.
A tree hung o'er him, rich with golden fruit,
He rais'd his hand, and grasp'd a mouldy root.
Anon he hears strange instruments of sound,
And sees fair figures that his bed surround.
Upon one face he strives to gaze in vain,
His writhing limbs holds down a massive chain,
His parch'd tongue struggles Isabel to say,
Instant the sounds, the figures die away.
A scene of death and horrors wild succeeds,
Hemm'd in by giant foes in fight he bleeds;

They seize him, hurl him headlong in the deep,
Gasping for breath he starts from out his sleep.
'Twas morn, a packet Carlo to him gave,
That brought two hours ago a Moorish slave ;
A boy, who told to none from whence he came,
But flung it down, and vanish'd like a flame.
His eager hands the packet soon unbound,
A hundred florins there enclos'd he found,
Within a scroll a few brief lines that bore,
Bade him faint not, and tempt the waves once more ;
Seek not to know who this poor succour sent,
And pray'd the saints might guard him where he
went.

From whence it came with ease Antonio guess'd,
His heart full lightly bounded in his breast,
As on this proof of love with joy he thought ;
But pride with sweetness gall to mingle brought,
Whisp'ring, to manhood, to his birth 'twere shame,
To stoop from feeble woman aid to claim ;

'Twere base, till both on equal terms should stand,
To seek the maiden's love, or from her sire her
hand :

His life, his freedom to that sire, a load
Too heavy to be paid, e'en now he owed.
Yet sad 'twould be to Isabel, to find
The gift rejected by his haughty mind,
Sent by fond love his fall'n estate to raise,
And cheer his soul with gleams of happier days.
Once he would see her, once, before again
On doubtful venture bound, he cross'd the main ;
Then doubly arm'd his fortune would he try,
And fate, secure his heart's best hopes, defy.

They met, they pledg'd their loves, in feelings
strong
Wrapt up, they heeded not hours glide along.
The maid at length arous'd her fainting heart,
Pronounc'd with faltering voice the words " We
part !"

Then tore herself away as passion rose,
And sought within her secret bower repose.
Antonio felt, some bitter moments o'er,
His bosom glow with thoughts unknown before—
Glow with those brighter, loftier, purer fires,
That in the noble soul true love inspires,
When from its dross for a brief space refin'd,
Flashes one ray of heav'n upon the mind :
One feeling, such as, Paradise within,
Man once has known, ere tainted yet by sin ;
Unhappy, whose'er they be, are they,
Who ne'er have own'd that feeling's sacred sway.

With dawn, a hundred florins all his store,
Embark'd Antonio : favouring breezes bore
His vessel soon to Alexandria's shore ;
From thence far eastward lies his course, where smile
The Indian seas with many a spicy isle.
First on his way he pass'd through Egypt's land,
And with astonish'd eyes its wonders scann'd :

He saw the mightiest there of mortal things,
Where sleep long dynasties of nameless kings ;
The Pyramids, those monuments sublime,
That foil the arm of else all-conquering time,
And meet his iron touch, as lofty rock
Meets with unbending front the whirlwind
shock ;

Immoveable they stand, huge piles of stone,
The proud memorials of glories gone,
To bid all ages, as before a shrine,
Bow to that hand of power, almost divine,
That rais'd those structures, never to be hurl'd
From their foundations deep, but with the world.
He saw rich' Cairo, ruin'd Memphis there,
The plains where once a thousand cities fair,
All desert now, in pomp and splendour rose,
Where Nile, alone unchang'd, yet onward flows.
There sphynxes, obelisks, and columns stand,
Temples, half-buried beneath mounds of sand ;

Statues of shapeless giants, such as bore
The earth to war on heathen gods of yore.
Fair land of early science, where hath fled
The genius of thy great forgotten dead?
Canst thou not snatch from darkness one bright
name,

In milder skies to consecrate to fame,
Of all the thousands, in oblivion deep,
That by old Nile in death's long silence sleep?
'Tis vain!—the lifeless echo to the call
Answers alone, through many a gloomy hall,
Through many a city, whose repose profound
Of centuries, first breaks our footsteps' sound,
While stands the turban'd Arab heedless by,
And marvels at the wand'ring stranger's sigh.

Eastward from Nile Antonio turn'd, and cross'd
The sea, where sunk of old proud Pharaoh's host;
What time rebellious Israel heard with awe,
From Sinai, God's own voice proclaim their law.

From thence Arabia's deserts he pass'd o'er,
And rested on the Green Sea's pearly shore ;
Three months at Ormuz, till the changing gales
To far Serendib's isle should waft his sails ;
The changing gales, that eastward half the year,
Half westward, o'er the waves the vessels bear.
Oft watch'd he, standing by the ocean's brink,
Beneath the floods the desperate diver sink,
Hir'd for a pittance scant, to upper air
The secret treasures of the depths to bear ;
Pearls, pure and colourless, that in those seas
Of a weak shellfish breeds the slow disease,
On festivals, in gay saloons to deck,
And match in whiteness, high-born beauty's neck ;
Or wreath'd in glossy locks of raven hair,
That from the gem's pale contrast shine more
fair :
Ah ! little thinks she then, in maiden pride,
Of the poor fisherman by Oman's side,

Who, for the dear-bought triumph of an hour,
Has borne long toil, and wasted manhood's pow'r ;
All perils though he scape, by sure decay
Worn out before his time, he fades away.
Few pearls Antonio bought, his feeble store
Of money, dwindling fast, allowed no more :
Bound on like venture, with a merchant band,
He left with favouring winds the Green Sea's
strand ;

Short was their voyage, the fair tropic breeze
The vessel swiftly bore along the seas ;
With joy at length Serendib they behold,
Teeming with spices, ivory, and gold,
For many a league the odours they inhale,
That from the rich woods float upon the gale .
Anchor they cast within a winding bay,
Where round tall trees and tangled thickets lay ;
And when they reach'd the shore, the wilds among,
A glad shout from the sailors loudly rung.

The merchants heeded not the boughs, that toss'd
Spices upon them as they pass'd ; the coast
They left, with ship and mariners, the while
They sought in haste th' interior of the isle,
In haste : and fearing lest some savage foe
The purpose of their voyage should o'erthrow,
And darting from his ambush, sudden tear
The spoils away, long years could not repair.
Three days they journey'd onward ; the fourth
dawn
They pitch their tents upon a smiling lawn,
Beneath a banyan-tree's broad leafy shade,
That from the scorching sun a pleasant shelter
made :
The spreading branches bending to the ground,
Where'er they touch'd, fresh root and moisture
found :
Then stately rose as trees, again spread wide
Their boughs, again fresh suckers sprung beside.

The cassia, silken-plantain, and the palm,
The cinnamon around them breath'd its balm;
Plane-trees, and cedars, whose tall boughs among
Flew birds, and sooth'd their ears with various song;
Or charm'd with plumage bright their wondering
eyes,

Where into one seem'd blended thousand dyes:
Purple⁴ and crimson, scarlet, gold and green,
Dazzling the sight, as flame, or diamond's sheen;
Upon the mead the ipomæa⁵ blows,
With hues that shame the blushes of the rose:
Gay lilies, tulips, amaranths—such flowers
As on her favour'd climes profusely nature showers;
A purling rivulet murmur'd at their feet,
Rocking their senses into slumber sweet;⁶
And mountains in the distance, bold and high,
Glitter'd like pinnacles beneath the cloudless sky.

On search of ivory were the merchants bound,
From elephants, that in those woods were found,

A trade in that rude age with danger fraught
To man, in arts of death yet half untaught.
The elephant, mild, gentle in repose,
Is like the thunder when with rage he glows,
And snapping trees as twigs, he rushes on his
foes ;

Yet still collected, though his furies rise,
Each wily turn sagaciously he tries,
Alike prepar'd the timid to ensnare,
And hurl the boldest with his trunk in air.
In herds they roam'd, not distant from the shade,
Where now the merchants plans for their destruc-
tion laid.

Who first should try the venture, lots they cast,
Upon the morrow's dawn, perchance his last :
Then drew. Young Zeno's, a Venetian's, name
Was foremost ; next to him Antonio came ;
Their number eight in all, a motley band,
Differing in speech, religion, and in land ;

But three Italians, Musselmen the rest,
Some Araby's, ' some Persia's faith profess'd ;
Now friends alike, they sate upon the ground,
By common love of gain in union bound.

From sleep at daybreak the Venetian rose,
And plung'd amidst the wilds to seek his foes ;
With bow and quiver arm'd, the woods along,
In garb of Nubian slave he lightly sprung.
At eve his comrades his return attend,
And time in pastime or in converse spend ;
Hurl the jerreed, thick felt with sinewy blow
Divide, or aim at some fair bird the bow ;
Or list with eager ears to wondrous tale,
Where magic arts o'er man's rude strength pre-
vail ;

Of sparkling gems, ' rich gardens, waterfalls,
Of genii, fairies, and enchanted halls ;
Of winged coursers, rapid as the light,
Giants, and dwarfs, and dames as houris bright.

'Tis eve, but Zeno comes not ; at each sound
They start, and gaze with anxious eyes around.
The morrow dawns, no Zeno yet, in vain
They search, some tidings of his fate to gain ;
They shout his name, and fill the woods with cries—
Nought, save the screeching birds, or tiger's growl,
replies.

The next day passes—as his hour draws near,
Each looks upon his neighbour's face with fear.

Fix'd by the lot, 'tis now Antonio's right
To try the venture with the morning light.
He started from his couch, his limbs arrayed,
In dress befitting the rough woodland glade ;
A turban on his head, a linen vest,
Bound by a scarlet sash around his waist,
Thence loosely flowing, tight above the knee,
Was gather'd, leaving every motion free ;
Thick leathern buskins on his legs he tied,
And sandals on his feet of dun-deer's hide ;

A short capote he o'er his shoulders threw,
By night to shield him from the deadly dew,
Should favouring fortune his return prevent
That eve, ere sunset, to his comrades' tent ;
He grasp'd a bow, a sheaf of arrows flung.
Behind him—at his side a sabre hung.

Three hours he wander'd on—in some retreat
He now perforce must shelter from the heat,
That the fierce sun intolerable round
Shot forth, and lull'd in deathlike stillness every
 sound ;
Silent each bird and beast ; the hissing snake
No longer glistens, winding through the brake.
Antonio sate a tamarind beneath,
And drank the cocoa's milk with panting breath ;
Sudden he hears a feeble, plaintive cry,
That seem'd to come from out a thicket nigh ;
He sprang upon his feet, but vainly long
He sought the tangled grass and shrubs among ;

A foot at last deep sunk in earth he spies,
Bursts through the weeds, before him Zeno lies ;
He bears him to the shade, and fans his cheek,
The youth, half lifeless, faintly strives to speak ;
It seem'd some mighty beast upon his breast
Had stamp'd in wrath, and crush'd the ribs and
chest.

Antonio in his throat some drops of wine
Pour'd ; with fresh lustre for a moment shine
His eyes ; his hand he lifted to his head,
Just touch'd a lock of hair, and gasping said,
“ Bear to my mother this, by Brenta's side.”
More he had utter'd, but a furious tide
Of blood gush'd from his lips, he groan'd and
died.

Antonio cut the lock, some bitter tears
He shed, but now the herd of elephants appears :
No time for grief : he climb'd a cedar tall,
With quick eye mark'd the chiefest of them all,

Then to his ear the pliant bow he drew,
The tough string twang'd, the whizzing arrow flew;
Deep in his spine it sunk, down to the ground
He falls, with thundering noise the woods resound.
The rest beside a moment stand aghast,
Then to the tree whence came the shot they haste;
Their trunks around it two the strongest bind;
It quivers like a bulrush in the wind;
Like storm-tossed vessel, here and there it bends,
It reels—with crackling branches it descends.
What felt Antonio then, what sudden fright,
Thrill'd through his veins, shut from his eyes the
 light,
'Tis not in human lips or tongue to say:
Unharm'd, though senseless, on the earth he lay,
An elephant then caught him where he sunk,
And to his shoulders rais'd him with his trunk:
Forward, unhurt, his lifeless burden bore,
Hills, dales, woods, wilds, and lawns, he hurried o'er.

Antonio grasped his neck unconscious, still
Faint, when they rested on a barren hill.
The huge beast gently laid him on the ground,
Recovering from his swoon, he gaz'd around,
Nor herb, nor tree, nor living thing was there,
But on his right, uplifted high in air,
A mighty pile of whitening bones he saw,
Short space he look'd, with wonder mix'd with
awe;

Then ran towards it, as with keener eyes,
More closely now advanced, the heap he spies,
He sees 'tis ivory all; his feet before
A treasure lay, might buy crowns o'er and o'er;
The herd from henceforth safe, to what he sought
Here the sagacious beast his foe had brought.

Back to his comrades hasted on his way
Antonio, this unhop'd for chance to say;
They come—of ivory they bear a store
From the lone hill to distant ocean's shore:

Their ship with spices, jewels rare, they heap,
With favouring winds they plough the foaming
deep.

Antonio to his home, his love return'd,
Who, of his truth secure, not now as once had
mourn'd ;

To Zeno's mother the sad token gave
Of him, to whom his fate had doom'd an early
grave :

Then wedded ; and for years of doubt and woe,
Found all the happiness man here may know.

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ADORIO.

I have seen those eyes with pleasant glances play
Upon Adorio's, like Phœbe's shine,
Gilding a crystal river.


THE GUARDIAN.

ADORIO.



Oh, Italy ! though round thy brow
Her garland conquest twine not now ;
Though desert many a fertile plain,
Curs'd by some petty despot's reign ;
Though tyranny and priestly art,
Each nobler impulse of the heart,
Each high desire of generous youth,¹
To seek for virtue, freedom, truth,
Stand ever prompt to thwart and chill,
Lovely thou art, and glorious still.
I speak not of the soft, the fair,
Thine azure sky, thy balmy air ;

The myrtle, orange, or the vine,
Thy lakes, thy cloud-capt Apennine;
Not these, but man to know, be mine.
And where, as here, can wanderer trace,
Among a low-born peasant race,
That yet betrays, like ruin'd shrine,
The master-touch of hand divine;
Each feeling, in his narrow span,
That most exalts or lessens man!
The soul untam'd, the first to fill
Each fierce extreme of good or ill;
The features proud, the flashing eye,
That swifter than an April sky
Change, noble still in every form,
From smiles to fury, calm to storm;
The mind too rapid to be taught,
That catches from a look the thought;
The manly limbs, the lofty port,
Might well become a princely court;



The mantle o'er the shoulders thrown,
 Like drapery of sculptur'd stone !
 Such are they now, what might they be,
 Oh, Italy ! thy sons when free ?
 Not theirs their crimes ! Oh, woe to those
 Of Freedom and of God the foes !
 Who, for brief date of lawless power,
 Not to the tortures of an hour
 Would doom, but to unending pain,
 Their slaves, for that poor word, to reign !
 Sad is the theme, fair land of song,
 Thy sufferings as thy glories long :
 Thou only clime beneath the sun,
 That twice the race of fame hast run.

When brave Carrara, for his right,²
 'Gainst Venice wag'd unequal fight,
 Two noble youths, from Lido's shore,
 A gondola to Venice bore ;

The bark at the Piazzetta lands,
Where on a lofty column stands
The winged lion, looking down
With pride upon his chosen town.
Of good St. Mark the temple fair
They pass, and saunter in the square,
That now with shouts and laughter loud
Resounded, from the motley crowd
Of maskers, of each hue and shape
That mimic art of man can ape.
Here were all great and little things,
Rogues, statesmen, jugglers, beggars, kings;
Jews, Arabs, Indians, Turks and Persians,
Took illegitimate diversions;
The Jews ate pork, the Turks drank wine,
Bramins devour'd a huge ox chine;
While harlequins and pantaloons,
Allur'd the crowd to gay saloons,

Their giddy senses to entrance,
 With feasting, music, and the dance.
 Learn'd doctors furiously converse,
 Twist knotty points in ready verse,¹
 And threaten their unyielding foes
 With final argument of blows,
 Alike for each encounter fit,
 Of mind or body, fists or wit.
 Fair hands around from windows pour
 Of comfits a thick snowy shower ;
 From windows hung with draperies bright,
 Blue, golden, red, that in the light
 Beam'd gorgeously upon the view,
 And chang'd with each faint breeze their hue :
 It was the Carnival, the day
 Was fair, in Venice all was gay.


Upon the busy scene apart
 Adorio gaz'd, and felt his heart,

With fitful change, now sad, now light,
Become at the fantastic sight.
Julian, his friend, was at his side,
The friend he deem'd long years had tried ;
And she, the maiden, haughty, fair,
Long lov'd, long sought with anxious prayer ;
She, for whose sake he oft had borne
The pangs of jealousy and scorn,
Rosmunda, now had stoop'd her pride,
Pledg'd on the morn to be his bride ;
Strange, though where'er he turn'd around,
Joy beam'd in every sight and sound ;
Though the fond vision of his youth
Would, with a few short hours, be truth ;
Yet ever and anon would seem,
Like phantom of a fearful dream,
A sudden cloud upon his head
A melancholy gloom to shed—

Then, like that dream before the day,
He knew not why, 'twould fade away.

Julian retir'd, the crowd among
Alone Adorio wander'd long,
By the gay scene to lull to rest
The thoughts that weigh'd upon his breast;
Till, wearied with his efforts vain,
He left at length the giddy train;
At home his cares to her t'impart,
Who best could soothe his sorrowing heart,
His mother, whose fond ready smile
Had oft, and would again beguile
His griefs, as she would read his face,
In the last hope of all her race
His father's lineaments to trace;
And pensive sometimes breathe a sigh,
At memory of hours gone by.

'Twas evening, and the fading day
Scarce glimmer'd with a partial ray
That shot the lofty walls between,
On narrow alleys, dimly seen,
When skies are clear, by noon-day light,
And in the darkness doubly night.
Here, heedless of what pass'd around,
Adorio walk'd, in thought profound ;
As rous'd from sleep, when from the shade,
That a projecting archway made,
Three men rush'd forth, he started wide ;
And thrice in vain to speak he tried—
“ Thou art a traitor to the state,”
They said, nor answer would await,
But swiftly bore him to a bark,
And for the dungeon deep and dark
They steer'd, to which the passage lies
Across the fatal Bridge of Sighs ;



They land—down, down they go, fast
bound

They left him on the cold damp ground ;

There, where day never comes, alone

To the grim walls to make his moan ;

That characters of mourning bore,

Engrav'd by those whose pains were o'er

He ask'd them oft his crime to tell ;

One answer'd, " Thou wilt know too well,

Too soon," he deign'd not to say more,

And clos'd the grating iron door.

There for long hours he lay, no sound

Disturb'd the stillness deep around ;

Unless, (or was it fancy's dream ?)

That sometimes on his ear would seem

To burst a shrill and piercing cry,

From sufferer wrung by agony.

'Twas midnight—to his cell there came
A pale dark man, of iron frame,
With thick moustache, and surly look,
That many a prisoner's soul had shook ;
He held a torch before his eyes,
And bade him from the ground arise;
Fetter'd his hands, his feet made free,
Then harshly mutter'd " follow me."
By passage and by winding stair,
By dark walls, deaf as men to prayer,
With hasty steps they onward go,
Until they stand within a low
Vast vaulted hall, where sate the Three,
Of Venice doom'd by lot to be
Th' all-seeing, all-commanding spies ;
Like Arguses with hundred eyes.
Their faces mask'd, round each was flung
A long dark gown, that loosely hung,




Hid them securely from the sight :
Beside them cast a flickering light,
A lamp, that chas'd but half the gloom,
Yet show'd each horror of the room.
Behind the light was lost in space ;
Yet serv'd it on the walls to trace,
Strange instruments of uncouth make ;
Yet none their purpose could mistake ;
A tale red stains upon them told,
Might chill the boldest of the bold.
Adorio saw, within that hall,
Stand by the Three a figure tall,
With mask, and flowing robe, as they,
That as he enter'd, stalk'd away.
His heart grew chill, but rising pride
The moment's fear soon cast aside ;
He strode across the hall, where sate
The Three in stern, scarce-breath'd debate,

With reverence slight inclin'd his head,
Then firmly look'd around, and said ;—
“ I ask my right, to know the cause
Why thus in me my country's laws
Are outrag'd, in a dungeon thrown,
My crime, accusers, all unknown ?
With fetters here I have been bound,
Like meanest felon, on the ground ;
Free-born, and of a noble race,
Yet never tainted by disgrace.”
He would have utter'd more, when he,
Who seem'd the chiefest of the Three,
As one accustom'd to command,
Rose from his seat, and wav'd his hand :
Th' official, with a noiseless tread,
Came at the sign, a letter read,
Wherein Carrara, Padua's lord,
To young Adorio pledg'd his word,

His service richly to repay,
 Who Venice' counsels should betray,
 And aid, when next in open fight
 Their armies clos'd, his lawful right.
 The flash of pride was in his eye,
 As such charge scorning to deny,
 Adorio answer'd, " never yet,
 Those sounds till now these ears have met ;
 It is not mine to Venice' foes,
 Secrets I know not to disclose."
 Nor deign'd his haughty soul to tell,
 How for his country, oft and well
 He erst had fought on many a day,
 By sea and land, in bloody fray.
 Another sign—upon the rack
 They stretch'd him—as the sinews crack,
 At every pause of pain, he hears
 A low deep voice, that on his ears

Falls thrilling, like a mournful bell,
Of friend belov'd the parting knell—
It mutter'd, “ thy foul crime disclose;”
But ere he answer'd, fiercer rose
His anguish, and the bold reply
Died on his lips in agony.
Cool and remorseless on his face
They gaze, and in each feature trace,
How the firm soul, at every strain,
Held mastery o'er th' extreme of pain,
And scorn'd to give, ev'n by a sigh,
A triumph to its enemy.
He shrieks, he faints, his pangs are o'er,
Weak nature may endure no more.
He heard not through the vaulted room
That hollow voice pronounce his doom,
From Venice for a year to be,
To Zara banish'd o'er the sea,



And death if he return'd, before
The last appointed day was o'er.
Speechless and senseless, from the rack
They bear him to his dungeon back.

He languish'd there, till on the night,
Morn shed faint streaks of pale grey light ;
Then came there men, who to the bay
Bore him, where moor'd a vessel lay ;
Reveal'd his sentence, yet unheard,
Then, as the breeze the billows stirr'd,
And soft or loud, with fitful gales,
Swung to and fro the flagging sails,
Departed—to some friend his fate,
He urg'd them vainly to relate.


The vessel bounded on, behind
Freshly and fairly blew the wind ;

Adorio felt his soul reviv'd,
His pangs less keen, when they arriv'd
At Zara, where a leech's art
Soon of his wounds appeas'd the smart :
But harder 'twas a cure to find
For the distemper of the mind :
He wrote to Venice, but in vain,
For answer came there none again ;
Of all who lov'd him once, forgot
He seem'd, and curs'd his bitter lot.

At length the fated year was o'er,
Again he stood on Venice' shore ;
He rush'd with haste impetuous, where
Rosmunda dwelt, she was not there :
Nor did she ever since that morn,
A stranger told him, there return ;
The morn that saw her Julian's bride—
He heard ; but mov'd not, nor replied ;

Pale, as one not of earth, he stands,
He look'd to Heav'n, he clasp'd his hands,
As tempests clouds, along his face,
Passions succeeding passions chase ;
Love, jealousy, grief, rage, despair,
All in their varying hues are there,
Collecting each their several strength
In frenzy for revenge at length.
Julian he sought :—until they meet,
He feels not, knows not if his feet
Tread earth or air ; unto his sight
Minutes seem ages, all is night.
He found him in a lofty room,
Where sweet flowers breath'd a rich perfume ;
He look'd upon the ships, the bay,
And Adria's isles that distant lay ;
Upon the shore, in gentle flow,
The waves in ripples broke below :

And she, Rosmunda, sate beside ;
Mad at the sight, Adorio cried,
“ The guerdon of thy treacherous part
Receive,” and pierc’d him to the heart ;
The blood in torrents from the wound
Gush’d forth, he fell upon the ground :
As down he sunk, a glance he threw
Around—at once his slayer knew :
He faintly mutter’d, “ Heav’n is just:
For her for whom I broke my trust
I die—thou wert betrayed by me,
I forg’d the letter, to the Three.”
Rosmunda breathless stood, amaz’d,
As on the scene she wildly gaz’d ;
Then, speech recovering, shriek’d aloud.
The murmur of the coming crowd
Adorio heard, and forth, before
They enter’d, rush’d, and gain’d the door ;



In vain they follow, on he flew,
'Midst winding alleys lost to view,
From Venice' shore he fled alone,
But where he went was never known.




SHORTER POEMS.

As Poems of this description are commonly supposed to be written with greater carelessness than longer ones, the author is anxious it should be understood, that in the present instance such has not been the case. All the articles in this volume have been written with as much ability as the author at the time was capable of, and whatever difference there may be found between them, arises not from carelessness, but from his powers not being always equal. The following Poems were composed at different periods, many of them at long intervals from each other; they are here arranged in the order in which they were written.

1 KINGS XXII.

WITH purple bedeck'd, all array'd in his pride
Sate Ahab, his princes and captains beside,
For his heart burn'd the vaunts of the Gentile to
tame,
And redeem the lost glories of Israel's name.

And there on his throne sate Judah's wise king,
For whom death had no terrors, the grave had no
sting,
And there stood the heroes, the foremost to dare,
'Mid the bright gleam of lances, the tempest of
war.



And the voice of the prophets rose loud through
the hall,

For one spirit of lying had enter'd them all ;
Go forth 'gainst the Gentile, thou lov'd of the
Lord,

High conquest awaits thee, death follows thy sword.

But apart from the crowd there stood a tall form,
Unmov'd by their shouts, as the rock by the
storm,

Nor reck'd he, nor heard he that promise, which
spread

All victory's glories o'er Ahab's proud head.

“ Far, far on the mountains thy people I saw,
Nor heard they thy voice, nor knew they thy
law ;

Unhous'd on the desert neglected they lie,
Nor shepherd to heed them, nor master is nigh.¹

“ Return ye, my people, ‘ all lonely return,’
For the glory of Jacob lies low in his urn ;
Return ye, my people, the spoiler draws near,
Unnerv’d is thy arm, and all broken thy spear.”

IMAGINATION.

WHAT over earth, o'er seas, and skies
Aloft on eagle pinions flies ?
Now seeks some desert's dreary cave,
Now sports beneath the azure wave ;
In truth, in fiction's colours drest,
Inspires the poet's glowing breast
With forces, not his own, to soar
Where human step ne'er trod before ?
Now dares, with bold, intrusive eye,
Things hid from mortal ken to spy ;
Rouses, with more than magic spell,
The wondrous forms of heav'n or hell ;
Calls phantoms from their deepest shades,
And death's obscurest realms invades ?

SONG OF CALED

BEFORE THE BATTLE OF YERMUK, A.D. 635.

THEY tremble, my comrades, they tremble as deer,
The Nazarene quakes at the Saracen spear,
And the hearts of their bravest within them have
died,
Their bows are unbent, their swords sheath'd by
their side.

Remember Aiznadin,² remember the hour,
When like the simoom rag'd the Saracen pow'r ;
As the infidel fled, so to day shall he fly,
Till there rest not a Greek beneath Syria's sky.

I see the fair form of a paradise maid,
In pure robes of celestial brightness array'd,
And she waves her green kerchief, and whispering
sighs,

Oh ! haste thee, my lov'd one, to glad my sad eyes.

Cry Allah for Islam ! Upon them, ye brave,
For conquest we fight or a glorious grave ;
Be it ours, bold Moslems, to break through the file
Of the infidel lances, and die with a smile.

For God and the Prophet ! then rush we to fight,
Till, like mists of the desert, they fade from our
sight ;

Nor sheathe we the sword till Heraclius fall,
And low in the dust lie Istambol's proud wall.

SONG OF FRENCH MAIDS


AFTER THE BATTLE OF TOURS, A.D. 732.

BRAVE Franks, ye have conquer'd; the infidel's
pride

Hath quail'd before Charles by the Loire's purple
tide,

All breathless they lie, and Tours' turretted wall
Hath beheld their high vauntings, their flight, and
their fall.

Like the stern blast of winter, the Saracen came,
Untam'd as the warhorse, and fearless as flame;
From Euphrates to Danube he led his array,
And before him the nations have wither'd away.




The Moslem came on, and bold Aquitain fled,³
And the rivers roll'd red with the blood of the
 dead,
From Arles' lofty wall, and the blue waves of
 Rhone,
To the plains of Guienne, and the banks of Ga-
 ronne.

Joy, joy to the victors ! Proud Abderame lies
All pale in the dust, and the Saracen flies ;
Their bravest are fall'n, and their orient light
Hath sunk in the gloom of a starless night.⁴

Joy, joy to thee, Charles ! All glory be thine !
Thou hast sav'd the lov'd land of the orange and
 vine ;
And Mecca's dark maids shall grow pale at thy
 name,
The pride of the Christian, the infidel's shame.

The waves of the Loire for thee softer shall flow,
The myrtle and rose for thee fairer shall blow,
And merrier shall echo the song and the dance,
Through thy balm-breathing groves, and thy clear
skies, O France.

•



THE REGICIDE.^s

IN the pathless climes of the western wild,
Which never human form defil'd ;
By ocean's shore, in a dreary glen,
There stood the last of the iron men.

His hair and flowing beard were white,
And age had something chill'd his might ;
But his eye shot forth a fiery glow,
That spake disdain of the things below.

Like the king of the forest, he proudly trod ;
In his left hand he held the Book of God,
In his right the sword, in red blood dyed,
The sword in thousand battles tried.

He wav'd his nervous arm on high,
He look'd to earth, and sea, and sky ;
And there seem'd on his eyes a vision to come,
And he thought that he heard the Trump of Doom.

The air, that was dark before, glow'd red,
The sun grew pale, as if with dread ;
And there blaz'd in the Heavens a flaming throne,
And there sate the Ancient of Days thereon.

The warrior sank to earth aghast ;
Nor lifted his head till the vision past ;
But he proudly smiled, and his heart beat high
With joy to think the Lord was nigh.

“ Father of Heav'n, to thee I bow,
My God, my King, thou see'st me now ;
Thou hast shone thyself to thy servant's sight,
And bath'd his eyes in 'living light.' ”

For thee I fled o'er ocean's waves,
And left the land of kings and slaves :
For thee I vow'd, that never more
These feet should touch that once-lov'd shore :

For Israel hath provok'd the Lord,
And the just have fall'n by Ahab's sword ;
In the land the sons of Belial reign,
And the wicked the name of God profane.


But mine is a nearer and dearer joy,
Which years and death can not destroy,
And vain is the arm of the Fiend on me,
For I fought and bled, Oh God ! for thee.

Thy praise shall hill and valley sing,
Thou art my God, my Lord, my King ;
And I bend that knee to thee alone,
Which never bow'd at princely throne.

Oh ! that once more in ' arms I stood,
With the friends around oft tried in blood ;
As when at Naseby fight we rose
Victors o'er thine and Freedom's foes !

Father of Heav'n, thy people spare—
Father of mercies, hear my prayer ;
Drive out the race accurs'd of thee,
To scorn, and death, and infamy.

God ! Thou art just ; for this I fought ;
In death and danger this I sought,
But once to see thy glory nigh,
To see thy face, then fall and die."



THE POKER.

From earth's deep caves I came, where never
day

Hath shed through realms of death one living ray ;
Where moon nor star hath blest with heavenly
light

Th' abodes of silence, and of endless night ;
Where dwell the sprites, that built their fairy
halls

With roofs of emerald, and golden walls ;
And gems unsought in wild disorder lie,
More bright, more fair, than e'er met mortal eye.
Rugged, when first the miner broke my rest,
And tore me from my parent's iron breast,
Soon form'd and polish'd by the temp'ring flame,
I of the genial hearth the pride became.

My brethren fierce delight in war's alarms,
The sound of trumpets, and the clash of arms :
Hilted with gold, they grace the warrior's side,
In gore of thousand foes their blades are dyed.

Others ignobly, as the peaceful plough,
Turn up the earth, that seeds beneath may grow ;
Hence smile the valleys with the waving corn,
And Plenty show's her gifts from out her golden
horn.

By others sheep and harmless oxen bleed,
A mournful sacrifice to human need.

For me, not destined toils like these to share,
Remains a gentler, not less pleasing care :
To guard the hearth, and rouse the cheerful blaze,
And list to wondrous tales of other days ;
For such full oft the wearying hours beguile,
And mirth, and wit, and fav'ring beauty's smile,
A soft existence thus I waste away,
And yield to age alone, and slow decay.

SONG.

HASTE thee, my Love, for thee I twine,
A chaplet of the rose and vine ;
Oh ! haste thee to my myrtle bowers,
And couches strew'd with thousand flowers,
While fairy damsels trip around
In mazy dance, to many a sound
Of harmony, so sweet that ne'er
Was heard the like by mortal ear.—
Hither, dearest, come and see
What wondrous stores I ope for thee ;
Every scene that nature knows,
From wildest storm, to still repose ;

All the powers of varied art
Here to thee their gifts impart—
Nymphs of fire, air, earth, and sea,
Hither treasures bring to thee ;
And every fairest flower shall shed
Its sweetest odours o'er thy head.

SONG,

OUR laurels are faded,

Our glories are gone ;

The cypress hath shaded

The cold grey stone,

Where slumber our bravest

In silence forlorn,

'Mid the tears of our people,

The enemy's scorn ;

The shout of the victors

Sounds loud through the air—

What rests to the vanquish'd

But death and despair !

H Y M N.

FATHER of Heav'n, to thee I cry,
O thou, whose glory fills the sky,
Thou, before whom the blest rejoice,
Deign, Lord, to hear thy suppliant's voice.

Oh ! what thou art, what tongue can tell !
What mind can on thy wonders dwell !
Thou holiest, mightiest Supreme,
Of joy, of light th' eternal beam !


I praise thee, Lord, for thou art just,
My Hope, my All, my Guide, my Trust ;
Thou, before whom all worlds must shake,
I praise thee for thy mercy's sake.

Thy Son descended from on high,
For sinners on the cross to die;
For us, be ever blest his name,
He bore affliction, pain, and shame.

He taught us with his heavenly breath
To conquer Satan, sin, and death;
With zeal unfeign'd t' adore and love
The goodness infinite above.

Teach me, with heart resign'd, my God,
To bend to thy chastising rod;
To say, with each revolving sun,
Here, as in Heav'n, thy will be done.

On earth, if happy be my lot,
Oh! never be thy name forgot;
Whate'er I feel, or hear, or see,
All thanks, all praise be giv'n to thee.



Alone, I dare not ask thee, Lord,
To turn from me th' avenging sword,
Through Him who died our sins to save,
I ask, to live beyond the grave.

THE DEÁTH OF ÆGEUS. 7

A BALLAD.

SWIFTLY from Crete the sail and oar
Bear Theseus to th' Athenian shore ;
The breeze just tips with foam the tides,
Firm on the floods the vessel rides ;
The air, in cloudless azure bright,
Just gives the much-lov'd land to sight :
Proudly he stands, nor thinks the while
Of Ariadne left on Dia's isle.

Alone, on Sunium's loftiest steep,
Old Ægeus sits, and views the deep,
Whene'er a distant sail appears,
He trembles betwixt hopes and fears ;
Not yet, unhappy, did he know
How Theseus laid the monster low ;
The labyrinth threaded, burst the chains
That bound to Minos' laws his native plains.

Slowly a speck he sees arise,
Where seem to touch the seas and skies ;
His anxious sight would burst the veil
Which darkens yet the coming sail ;
His aged limbs would strive to fly,
As arrow swift, through flood or sky ;
In vain, not yet 'tis giv'n to know
The flag of joy, or never-ending woe.

Rise from the caves, Leucothea,* where
Thou braidst with pearls thy golden hair ;
Pity a father's tearful eyes,
For thou hast known a parent's sighs ;
Or Thetis, not as yet begun
To sorrow o'er her godlike son ;
E'en Neptune self, earth-shaking power,
Might pity melt t'avert the tort'ring hour.

Nearer and nearer to the shore
The swelling waves the vessel bore ;
But yet the ensign, dim with woe,
Ægeus's eyes refuse to know :
To Pallas, of Athena's tow'rs
Protectress old, his vows he pours ;
Vows on her altars, but in vain,
To burn whole hecatombs of victims slain.

“ Daughter of Jove, Minerva, hear,
If e’er thou heldst thine Athens dear,
Since first Egyptian Cecrops came,
And taught t’ adore thine honour’d name ;
Tritonian Pallas, in the fight,
When shines on high thine Ægis bright;
Heart-chilling terror seizes all,
And coward, brave alike before thee fall.

“ Dread Goddess, hear a father’s cries;
Give Theseus to my longing eyes;
Grant him to touch his native strand,
To rule in peace thine own fair land :
For me, my veins are cold and dry,
I ask to see my son, and die.”
Sighing, the Goddess heard his prayer,
Half granted, half the winds dispers’d in
air.

Nearer and nearer floats the sail,
Borne onward by the favouring gale ;
What standard quivers in the air,
Announcing death and dark despair,
Whose dismal colour mimics well,
In hue Night's deep Cimmerian cell ?
Pale Ægeus trembled, worn with pain,
Thrice sank his glance, and thrice it rose
again.

Doubtful no more, in mid day shine
He sees display'd the dreaded sign,
No tear bedews his aged eye, '
Bursts from his lips no groan, no sigh ;
With flowing robes, and wither'd form,
He seems the Ruler of the storm ;
Who, envious of the smiling skies,
With arm uplifted, bids the tempests rise.

Swift darting from the rocky height,
As eagle, when on airy flight,
He leaves th' Imperial Thunderer's side,
He plung'd amid the roaring tide ;
The fair-hair'd Nereids mourn around,
The rocks with voice responsive sound,
And Triton's shells aloud proclaim,
“ Henceforth these waves shall bear sad Ægeus'
name.”

THE SPIRIT OF THEKLA.¹⁰

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

WHERE I am, thou askst, and whither gone,
 As my fleeting spirit from thee rov'd ;
 Is my task not ended, labour done,
 Happy, have I not both liv'd and lov'd ?

Let the nightingales mine answer say,
 As with soul-enchanting melody
 Ravish they thine ear in spring's glad day,
 So long only as they love, live they.

Have I, askst thou, the forlorn one found ?
 There, believe me, am I with him blest,
 There, where part not they, whose hearts are
 bound,
 There, where tears shall ne'er disturb our rest.


There shalt thou too find us yet again,
When like ours, thy love on earth is o'er ;
There my father, free from sinful stain
Dwells, where murder reaches him no more.

And he feels, by no vain hope betray'd,
Gaz'd he upwards on the starry sphere ;
For as each man weighs, to him 'tis weigh'd,
To believers is salvation near.

Promises in yonder realms above
Sure are held to pure believing eyes,
Dare not then to dream, and wide to rove,
Oft in childish game deep sense their lies.

THE GOOSE'S SOLILOQUY.

THOUGH lowly born, nor deck'd with plumage
fair,
Nor taught to cut through liquid fields of air,
Though for the pool ignoble, I forsake
The briny wave, and verdant-margin'd lake,
And waste a dull unhonour'd life away,
To slaught'rous knives an unresisting prey;
Though folly's emblem, with unwieldy pace
I totter, scorn of all the feather'd race ;
Yet me far nobler, mightier powers adorn,
Than the proud songsters that proclaim the
morn ;



Than his gay eyes, whose spangled lustre vies
In radiance with the rainbow's varying dyes ;
Than him, the lonely dweller of the rock,
Than him attendant on the battle shock ;
For, from my wing the feather gray that springs
Hath power unknown to warriors, priests, and
kings ;
Hath power to speed their will to farthest climes,
To bear their memories to all future times :
Though mute, without it vain were poet's song,
Deaf the pleas'd ear, and dumb the tuneful
tongue ;
Vain were whate'er philosophy hath taught ;
Whate'er long years and sleepless nights have
sought ;
Vain—for as footsteps by the dark sea's side
Wear swift away before the rising tide,
So words, whate'er the fleeting breath inspire,
Unwritten, fade, and in that breath expire :

Yes! 'tis the pen's alone, while time shall last,
To teach the wisdom of all ages past ;
To teach, by Heav'n inspir'd, Creation's plan,
“ And vindicate the ways of God to man.”

SONG.

“ LIGHT of beauty !” to thine eyes
Life no more a spark supplies ;
Rayless are those flames which shone
Brighter than the mid-day sun.

Flowers with envy whilst thou liv'd
Drooping, on thy grave reviv'd,
Bloom, where nightly by yon yew
Seraphs shed their tears of dew.

When thou sangst in greenwood shade,
List'ning brooks no murmur made ;
Echo, sighing, roll'd along,
Notes responsive to the song.

Seem'd she nymph, but nymph so fair
Never breath'd this viewless air ;
Never yet in accents meet
Stole from lips a voice so sweet.

Sleep, Oh ! sleep thy long still rest,
Joys nor griefs disturb thy breast ;
Fleeting hours, days glide away,
Perisheth our mortal clay.

SONG.

How sweet to sleep on beds of flowers,
And dream away the careless hours !
Fairy visions glide along,
Beauty blooming but in song ;
Love enduring, virgin truth,
Stainless honour, endless youth ;
Vales that know nor heat nor cold,
Budding gems, and growing gold.
Deserts drear anon are seen,
Pathless woods, and lawns between ;
Troubled seas, and fields of fight,
Rob'd in smoky veil of night ;
War sounds loud along the plains,
Fires the breast and thrills the veins :
Till dead and dying, steeds and warriors fly
Swift, with a start, before the waking eye.

THE SICILIAN VESPERS.¹²

THE day declines, the glowing sun
Now more than half his course hath run ;
Bright shine Palermo's marble towers,
Soft odours breathe the orange bowers
Of that fair vale,¹³ whose every charm
The sword might blunt, revenge disarm :
In harmony and concord sweet,
Air, earth, and ocean, seem to meet ;
Unconscious of a deed to come,
Mark'd by no trump, nor beat of drum ;
Of vengeance, sudden, swift, and dread,
Upon the French invader's head ;

Of vengeance for a ruin'd land,
Now one wide waste of flame and brand ;
On spoilers, who from shore to shore
Have bath'd their path with seas of gore ;
Of vengeance upon hearts of steel,
Whom age nor sex e'er taught to feel ;
For Manfred, generous, noble, brave,
Betray'd by those he strove to save ;
For Conradin, the young, the fair,
The royal Frederic's murder'd heir :
No ! not in vain his battle gage
He flung from off the scaffold stage ;
No single knight, in martial pride,
False Charles to combat hath defied ;
A nation hath awoke again,
Hath broken slavery's iron chain ;
Hath doom'd t'enduring vengeance those
Alike of God and man the foes :

“Forth let them speed their felon breath,
For thousand crimes the forfeit—death !”
Just is the doom, the vesper bell
Tolls for the dead the parting knell.

“Death to the French !” The joyful cry
Sounds through the streets, and harbour nigh ;
Now, Procida, thy patriot zeal
Full well repays thy country’s steel ;
The day, through toils and dangers past,
Long sought, long hop’d for, comes at last.

The vengeful sabre shines on high,
The merciless for mercy cry ;
Those hands, unknowing how to spare,
Now quivering bend in coward prayer ;
Oh base ! in vain, receive thy fate—
Slave, thy repentance is too late !

“ Death to the French !” Their king the while
Sits safe beyond the rebel isle ;
Rome shields from war, and war’s alarms
Her favour’d son with eager arms ;
The tyrant slumbers on his throne,
Go, rouse him—bid that breast of stone
At last know what th’ oppress’d can dare,
And dread the vengeance of despair ;
In vain from out his hated France
Call forth more sons of sword and lance—
Souls, as his own, remorseless, bold,
To rapine, murder, treason, sold :
Sicilia, by unchang’d decree,
Shall rest from France for ever free.

AN ENGLISH EVENING.

'Tis eve; the sun is faintly seen
Sinking beneath yon hillock green,
Whose parting beams in hues of fire
Dye red the distant village spire; .
No more is heard the blackbird's song
Shrill warbling the thick woods among;
But silence wanders through the shade,
While fancy people's each dark glade
With airy forms, where loftier frown
The giant oaks in "deeper brown."
The smoke mounts upward to the sky,
Soft-curling from the cottage nigh;

Whose white-washed walls, and garden trim,
Sweet odours breathing, speak of him,
The hardy offspring of the soil,
Returning now from daily toil.
His partner, with expectant face,
Sits at the door in matron grace;
Her merry white-haired urchins round,
Now listen to the humming sound
Of the dull wheel, in childish play
Now sport their careless hours away.
Who comes? who comes? What passer by
Bids glow her cheek, and beam her eye?
With fresh hale look, and sturdy form,
Unbent by "many a winter's storm,"
Round whom the busy children prate,
With much to hear, and more relate;
'Tis he, their sire, return'd to share,
By labour earn'd, his frugal fare.

Fades in the west the crimson hue,
To summer Heav'n's unvaried blue ;
Pale twilight hovers o'er the groves,
Twilight, soft hour that beauty loves,
Ere the descending dews gem bright
With pearly drops her sandals light ;
Now while the bat with rustling wings
Circles her head in airy rings,
And the clear rivulets babbling sound
Seems louder from the stillness round.

For contemplation calls the scene,
The silver light the trees between,
The verdant earth, the stars above,
Proclaim a God of peace and love.

O D E

TO THE MEMORY OF WASHINGTON.

Sotto l'usbergo del sentirsi puro.—DANTE.

FORTH from the west a sound has gone,
To shake the despot on his throne,
To bid fair Freedom's banners beam,
From Ganges' to Maragnon's stream ;
Man has resum'd the rights denied
To man by tyranny and pride ;
Tremble the fawning crowds of state,
Slaves that on royal slaves await ;
The sceptred pomp, the gorgeous crown
Totters, and falls in ruin down :

Auspicious sign of brighter morn,
To dawn on ages yet unborn,
When Freedom, in her air-borne car
Shall ride, unstain'd by blood and war ;
When man no more shall bow to things of dust,
Too oft ennobled but by baser lust ;
Tread in the path that Washington has trod,
And turn repentant from the throne to God.

The raptures of the battle-plain,"
The feelings none can know again,
When trembles earth beneath the feet
Of armies that encountering meet ;
The cannon's roar, the sabre's clash,
Through the dun smoke the lightning-flash ;
The shrieking steed, the dead and dying,
Unheeded in their red blood lying ;
From rank to rank the pealing cry,
The thrilling shout of victory ;

Joys higher yet, the sacred cause
Of him alone, his sword who draws
For equal rights, and equal laws—
All these were thine ; in triumph's hour
The soul that spurn'd the lust of power,
And turn'd from faction's tumults high
To the green hill and clear blue sky,
Where by the vine and fig-tree shade"
Roll'd the deep river through the glade,
And soothing music, from the waters near,
Sweet-sounded on thy philosophic ear.

Go search the tales of olden time,
For lion hearts and deeds sublime,
For men of deathless fame ;
Bid history's varied page disclose,
Through the long roll of crimes and woes,
One purer, nobler name !

A name for loftier meed that calls,
Than suppliant crowds and royal halls ;
That scorns, Napoleon like, to rise
On nations' ruins to the skies ;
Deep in each heart shall live engrav'd
His memory, in the land he sav'd ;
By patriots in all time be shed
A tear of pride upon his head :
While England, warm with generous glow,
Twines glory's wreath for England's foe !

All is not vain ! though hero must
Sink to the grave as vulgar dust,
Yet leaves he sown a seed behind,
Not to be shaken by the wind ;
The blossom of his earthly care,
Shall fairer bloom in heavenly air,
Forgot the baleful passions' sway,
That blighted oft its earlier day

Far other honours be his right,
The conqueror in a nobler fight,
Than the vain child ambition leads
To lawless power by lawless deeds,
Who, check'd by no mean selfish thought,
To every age and clime hath taught
What happiness is theirs, e'en here,
Mankind who bless, and God revere.

A VISION.

I CLIMB'D a lofty mountain's side,
That steeply from the plain arose ;
Below were spread, in summer's pride,
Fair trees and flowers, above the snows.
I trod a rugged path, that ne'er
Had mortal footstep trod before,
Yet lightly mov'd, so soft the air,
The rocks it seem'd to bear me o'er ;
Though bright and cloudless was the sky,
None could that mountain's top descry.

The trees and flowers no more are seen,

At once beneath the scorching hour

Withers that valley late so green,

On me alone it had no power :

Onward I went, nor care nor toil

I knew, nor heav'd my labouring breast :

Onward I went, nor felt the soil

That burn'd where'er my footsteps press'd :

Heedless of change, prepar'd to go

From heat to cold, from fire to snow.

Still on, and on, before me pil'd,

Till soaring lost in air sublime,

Rose rocks on rocks in terrors wild,

No pathway might avail to climb ;

Where late I trod secure, around

Yawn'd, and each instant wider grew ;


Now an abyss, deep, dark, profound—

I trembled as the minutes flew :

Where'er I turn'd with anxious eye
On earth, or air, no aid was nigh.

Then burst from heav'n the thunder shock,
And cleft beneath the flashing light,
Reel'd from its base the shatter'd rock,
A pathway opening to my sight;
I pass'd, it clos'd my steps behind,
Fear wing'd my feet, on, on again
I rush'd, borne forward by the wind,
And stood upon a boundless plain,¹⁵
So still, so lone, the very air
Shot to my breast a chill despair.

No sun, and yet it was not night,
Shone out upon the wide expanse;
But a cold, grey, unnatural light,
Reveal'd the landscape to my glance;



I saw no herb nor living thing,
Swell'd no green hill, no rivulet flow'd,
Nought to the heart that joy could bring
Broke the repose of death's abode :
Slowly I mov'd, with pensive dread,
And as I mov'd my feet seem'd lead.

I wander'd on I knew not where,
All hope within my heart had died,
No change, nor days nor hours were there .
I stood a city fair beside ;¹⁶
I enter'd, as I gaz'd around,
Slow pacing through the voiceless streets,
I shouted, but in vain, no sound
My anxious ears responsive greets ;
Yet figures saw I many a one
Of men, or beasts, but all were stone.

In act to move I saw them stand,
As on their way they once had pass'd,
A motionless and silent band,
Each with the look that was his last;
It seem'd the sudden wrath of heav'n
Of yore upon that city fell,
But not to mortal man 'tis giv'n
Things hid from mortal ken to tell;
Wild thoughts, and terrors undefin'd,
At the sad sight o'erwhelm'd my mind.

The passions, and the busy din,
Hope, fear, joy, suffering, pity, crime—
All felt those desert walls within,
Slept the long sleep from which no time
Shall rouse them, till that trumpet dread
Burst on the realms of earth and air,
That to their doom shall wake the dead,
Their doom of bliss, or of despair;

'Twas mournful feelings gone to trace,
Stamp'd deep upon each stony face.

From clouds at sunset, or in storms,
From rocks, from vapours of the sea,
To man strange semblance fancy forms,
But dreams were here reality :
As motionless and mute as they
Those men of stone there saw I stand,
Forward I wended on my way,
Through the grim crowd on either hand ;
“ Eternity !” a voice of fear,
Proclaim'd in thunders on mine ear.

“ Eternity !” at that dread sound
Earth groans, the lofty city shakes ;
On all descends a gloom profound,
And every marble figure quakes ;

Their cold grey cheeks big tears roll down

I saw, they utter'd plaintive cries,

Anon they lift their arms, and frown,

And glare on me with angry eyes.

I know no more, in blackest night

The vision vanish'd from my sight.

ODE TO POETRY.¹⁷

FROM the busy crowd,
From the joyous throng,
From the murmurs loud
Peopled streets among,
I fly to raise to thee, sweet Poesy, my song.

Griefs that I have known,
At the flood of light
Beaming from thy throne,
Like the dreams of night,
Melt into speechless ecstasies of keen delight.

Charmer of my hours,
Bringing fancies sweet,
Strewing with fair flowers
Paths before my feet,
Until the rough way seems for heavenly spirits
meet.

Where man hath not been
Thou dost love to dwell,
In savannah green,
Or in mountain dell,
In fairy lawns by deserts round protected well.

Bear me on soft pinions
To some amber stream,
Where, in thy dominions,
On the waters gleam
Rays, such as never yet on mortal eyes did beam.

Music stealing round
Through the listening air,
Breathing silver sound,
Lulling every care,
Shall drown my senses in divine oblivion there.

At thy magic dread
Opens the cool wave,
Where, on coral bed,
In transparent cave,
The tides, unmov'd by winds, the sleeping Nereids
lave.

Through the solid ground
Phantom-like thou glidest,
Treasures to be found
There thou show'st or hidest,
As down upon the wings of dusky Gnomes thou
ridest.

In the gorgeous west
Thou dost oft behold,
As he sinks to rest,
The bright sun infold
Clouds glitt'ring like red islets in a sea of gold.

Sometimes are they semblance
Of high walls and towers,
Sometimes thy remembrance
Gems, and trees, and flowers
Would trace, which once thou saw'st in Eden's
blissful bowers.

Floating forms of light
From the fields of air,
More than mortal bright,
Ever pure and fair,
At thine adjuring voice call'd into being are.

In the patriot breast
The high thoughts that burn,
Oft would sleep unblest,
With the storied urn,
Where freedom weeps o'er those who never shall
return ;

Names with whose alarms
Once the world rung loud,
Deeds of arts and arms,
As a passing cloud,
Would fade, didst thou not robe them in immortal
shroud.

Man, in smiles or tears,
Both in joy and woe,
Through his hopes and fears,
'Tis giv'n thee to know,
When mightiest o'er his soul the storms of passion
blow.

From the battle-plain,
From the sounds of fear,
Where the heaps of slain
Their red masses rear,
'Tis thine at eve the tale of blushing love to hear.

Long as time shall last,
Knowing no decay,
Present, future, past,
Bending to thy sway,
Thou on the night of ages shedst a golden ray.

Ever-varying range
O'er our earthly ball,
Feelings as they change,
States that rise or fall,
And that high hand proclaim that made and
moveth all.

SIR HENRY MOSTYN."

" THY words of comfort are in vain,
 They fall unheeded on mine ear,
There burns a fire within my brain,
 I cannot pray, I cannot hear.
The fatal source of all my woe,
 Untold before, I must reveal,
Whate'er my doom, I ne'er can know
 A hell beyond what now I feel.

—

“ Full forty years are past away,
And few the time can now recal,
When blest where'er his influence lay,
Sir Walter Mostyn held this hall.
My only brother—with that sound
What visions rise before my sight !
Why did the sun of all around
Blast me, me only with his light !

“ Yes ! thou wert generous, mild, sincere,
With melancholy, pensive brow ;
Alas ! I cannot shed one tear,
Though as he liv'd, I see him now.
A lofty, unambitious mind,
To solitude and musing prone,
That judg'd, suspecting not mankind,
The souls of others from its own.

“ On all his kindness freely flowed,
 A bounteous stream, but most on me ;
I scarce, when here I first abode,
 Knew twenty winters, elder he :
’Twas then he told me that he loved,
 As if foreboding ill he sighed,
And would his brother’s choice approved,
 Oh, sad request ! his future bride.

“ I saw her, loved her, long I strove
 To quench the rising flame in vain ;
I tried to think, her image drove
 Each thought once sweet from out my brain.
I would have fled, I knew not where,
 Her presence chain’d me to the spot,
I saw no earth, I breath’d no air,
 I felt no life, where she was not.

“ Short space our houses did divide,
 And for his rival loud would call
Sir Walter oft, with him to ride
 To Adela, to Darcy Hall.
I mark'd their meeting, at his sight
 Flush'd not her cheek with glad surprise ;
Cold and unchanging was the light,
 That sparkled in her keen black eyes.

“ She lov'd him not, too soft his mould
 Her proud and fickle heart to win ;
Yet who could hate him, and behold
 That face which spoke all peace within ?
Indifferent, her plighted troth
 The maiden gave to be his bride ;
At length the day was fix'd, when both
 Should by the fatal knot be tied.

“ With me he wander’d in a wood
That morn, each peasant’s face we pass’d
Beam’d joy and smiles, of truth, of good,
Of happiness too fond to last,
He spoke, and many a plan he laid ;
The while his varying fancy ran
Pure, unobscur’d by earthly shade,
Through all the maze of erring man.

“ Deep in the wood we walk’d ; a stream
Ran hoarsely murmuring at our feet,
And from the scorching summer-beam
Twin’d the tall trees a soft retreat :
Here oft would Walter come alone,
And far from hum of men pursue,
Reclining on some mossy stone,
His day-dreams ever wild and new.

“ The stream beside us, deep and cool,
 Fell sparkling in a white cascade,
Hemm'd in by rocks a silent pool
 It stood, then darted through the glade :
The grass, with foam bespangled o'er,
 Grew freshly at the water's brink,
And spreading far beyond the shore,
 Prest by the lightest foot would sink.

“ In eager converse rapt, no fear
 Had Walter of the treacherous bank ;
Heedless he talk'd, he came too near,
 Reel'd, fell, and in the water sank.
He rose again : had I but bent
 My hand I'd sav'd him ; to the side
He turn'd, as down he swiftly went,
 His face, and, “ Brother ! ” faintly cried.

“ Thrice from the water did he rise.

I mov’d not—the third time he cast

A look on me of fear, surprise,

Unspeakable—it was his last.

That dying look, that feeble sound,

To me hath never pass’d away :

I see it, hear it, in all round,

By still dark night, by clear noon-day.

“ I felt on fire ; yet there I stood,

Until all human aid too late

Should come : then slowly left the wood,

At home the story to relate.

They hear ; with tears in every eye

Rush forth, and from his watery grave

They drag him—frantic vainly try

Each art, that life belov’d to save.

“ Three years pass’d on—my brother’s praise
Seem’d on each voice I heard to dwell ;
They thought my wildness grief ; those days
Faint foretaste of the earthly hell
That long has burn’d within this breast,
In my life’s desert waste now seem,
Like a bright spot whereon to rest,
In storms a solitary gleam.’⁹

“ I wedded Adela—I tried
Each art the still small voice to drown :
I strove from other eyes to hide
What never faded from my own.
Each thing was dark alike to me,
Thorns were my couch, my drink was gall ;
Joy, smiles, it was my lot to see,
Where’er I went, depart from all.

“ What though the maid I long had sought,
 Though wealth beyond my hopes was mine,
Th’ unreal bliss my crime had bought,
 I felt with every hour decline.
The cup my parch’d lips burn’d to quaff,
 Some fiends unpitying snatch’d away;
Methought they grinn’d with bitter laugh,
 To find a wretch more lost than they.”

“ Few were our children—they died young :
 ’Twas well, before their hearts could know
A father curs’d, his kind among,
 With woe, beyond all other woe.
Childless and rich, my bounty flowed
 Unblest upon the poor around ;
Gifts, on the bad alone bestowed,
 Ingratitude for ever found.

“ I had no friend. There was a youth
Of manners mild, and soft fair face,
Within whose winning smile of truth
I seem'd his inmost soul to trace ;
With me from childhood's earliest hour
He dwelt—I lov'd him as my son,
And fondly hop'd the full-blown flower
Would blossom as the bud begun :

“ His hand on my declining years
Would the sweet balm of comfort shed :
Oh ! what are human hopes and fears :
One morn with Adela he fled.
I found a letter, thus it bore—
‘ Long have I been your faithful wife,
I lov'd you, but I can no more
Without your trust endure this life :

“ ‘ What secret on your bosom prey’d
I oft implor’d you to reveal,
With aching heart I oft have said,
He cannot love me, and conceal
What me, me most imports to know,
Aught else I could have borne but this;
I could have shar’d with you your woe,
But love beyond suspicion is.

“ ‘ May you be happy, but beware,
If e’er you take another bride,
To her each thought, to her each care,
Would you be lov’d, you must confide.’
Yet sadder since that fatal day,
My life has been—in dreams of night,
Too well I know have found their way
My thoughts, in broken words to light.

“ Last, deepest curse, my servant’s slave
I’ve been, and at his frown have shook.
Oh! is there peace beyond the grave!
For peace on earth I must not look.”
He ceas’d ; the good man at his side
With tears, and holy fervour prayed ;
He hop’d, believ’d, and when he died,
A smile upon his features played.

SONG.

I've mark'd the maiden's eyes, the while
Glow'd her cheek with sunny smile ;
So do the sparkling bright beams play
On water, on a cloudless day :
I have mark'd her eyes when weeping,
Like dew-gemm'd violets on green-bank sleeping.

What sweet perfume, what breath,
Sweet in death,
Floats through the air !
Oh ! ever there !
There, where my aching heart conceals
The secret my sad brow reveals,

Shall thy memory, fairest, dwell ;

Alas ! I cannot say farewell !

I cannot tell

How oft, alone,

I go to weep beside the marble stone.



NOTES

TO

IMELDA AND GIOVANNI.

I HAVE made no material alteration in this story, which is thus related by M. Sismondi in his *History of the Italian Republics*. Vol. iii. chap. 22. p. 425.

“ Deux jeunes gens, Boniface Giérémei, et Imelda, fille d'Orlando Lambertazzi, avoient oublié cette haine mutuelle de leurs familles ; ils s'amoient avec passion. Un jour, Imelda consentit à recevoir son amant chez elle ; mais tandis qu'ils croyoient s'être dérobés à tous les yeux, un espion révéla aux frères Lambertazzi la foiblesse de leur sœur. A peine, au moment où ils entroient furieux dans son appartement, eut elle le temps de se dérober à eux par la fuite ; Boniface y étoit encore. L'un des deux Lambertazzi le frappa au cœur, avec un de ces poignards empoisonnés dont les Sarrasins avoient introduit l'usage, et dont le vieux de la Montagne, précisément à cette époque, (1273,) armoit ses assassins d'une manière si terrible. Les Lambertazzi cachèrent ensuite sous des décombres, le cadavre du jeune

homme, dans une cour déserte ; mais ils ne se furent pas plus tôt retirés, qu' Imelda, suivant les traces du sang qu'elle voyoit répandu, découvrit le corps du malheureux Boniface. Le seul traitement qu'il laissât quelque espoir de guérir des blessures empoisonnées, c'étoit de sucer la plaie encore sanglante. Ainsi, l'on racontoit que trois ans plus tôt, Edouard d'Angleterre avoit été sauvé par le dévouement de la tendre Eléonore. Un reste de vie sembloit animer encore le corps de Boniface : Imelda entreprit son triste ministère ; et de la blessure de son amant, elle puisa un sang empoisonné, qui porta dans son sein les principes d'une mort rapide. Lorsque ses femmes arrivèrent auprès d'elle, elles la trouvèrent étendue sans vie, à côté du cadavre de celui qu'elle avoit trop aimé."

I have changed the name of Boniface, for obvious reasons.

Note 1, Page 5.

" *A spucious garden by the lattice lay.*"

The following is one of the prettiest stanzas in Berni's Orlando Innamorato.

" Innanzi à quella loggia un giardin era,
Di verdi cedri e di palme piantato,
E' d'arbori gentil d'ogni maniera,
Di sotto à questi verdeggiava un prato,
Nel qual sempre fioriva primavera,
Era tutto di marmo circondato,
E da ciascuna plauta, é ciascun fiore
Usciva un fiato di soave odore."

It is far however from equalling the richness and harmony of the following passage in Ariosto's description of the gardens of Alcina.

" Chiari boschetti di soavi allori,
Di palme, é d'amenissime mortelle.

Cedri ed aranci, ch'aveau frutti e fiori
 Disposte in varie forme, è tutte belle,
 Faceau riparo ai fervidi calori
 De' giorni estivi, con lor spesse ombrelle,
 E tra quei rami, con sicuri voli
 Cantando se ne giano i rosignuoli."

Note 2, Page 5.

" With blossoms budding, with fruit bending now."

Coi fiori eterni, eterno un frutto dura,
 E mentre spunta l'un, l'altro matura.

TASSO.

Note 3, Page 10.

" What time great Frederic cross'd the foaming sea."

The Crusade of the Emperor Frederic II. The family of the Lambertazzi was Ghibelline; that of the Gieremei, Guelph.

NOTES

TO THE

FORTUNES OF ANTONIO.

This tale is the subject of the fourteenth Novel of the first part of *Bandello*. I have however made many alterations. The story of the Elephant is from the *Voyages of Sindbad*, in the *Arabian Nights*.

Note 1, Page 21.

" Then to the fair breeze spread the swelling sail."

" The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,

The furrow stream'd off free ;

We were the first that ever burst

Into that silent sea.

COLERIDGE'S RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Note 2, Page 25.

" —Glittering, through the misty shroud

In the sun's beams, as lightning from a cloud."

" At length the freshening western blast,

Aside the shroud of battle cast ;

And first, the ridge of mingled spears

Above the brightening cloud appears ;

And in the smoke the pennons flew,

As in the storm the white sea-mew."

MÆMION, Canto vi.

It is not easy to refrain from quoting more of this fine passage.

Note 3, Page 27.

" Again to Naples now our tale returns,

Where lovely Isabel in secret mourns."

I have here to acknowledge an unintentional imitation of the lines in Palamon and Arcite.

" While Arcite lives in bliss, the story turns,

Where hopeless Palamon in prison mourns."

Note 4, Page 43.

" Purple and crimson, scarlet, gold and green."

" Cantan fra i rami gli augelletti vaghi,

Azzurri, e bianchi, e verdi, e rossi, e gialli.'

ARIOSTO.

Note 5, Page 43.

“ *The ipomæa.*”

“ The Camalatâ (called by Linnæus ipomæa) is the most beautiful of its order, both in the colour and form of its leaves and flowers ; its elegant blossoms are ‘ celestial rosy red, Love’s proper hue,’ and have justly procured it the name of Camalatâ, or Love’s Creeper.”—Sir W. JONES, *from the Notes to Lalla Rookh.*

Note 6, Page 43.

“ *Rocking their senses into slumber sweet.*”

“ Oh ! lull me, lull me, charming air,
My senses rock’d with wonder sweet,
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft, like a spirit, are thy feet :
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear,
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony ! ”

STRODE.

Note 7, Page 45.

“ *Some Araby’s, some Persia’s faith profess’d.*”

Soonnees and Sheeahs.

Note 8, Page 45.

“ *Of sparkling gems, rich gardens.*”

“ He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters ; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens.”

JOHNSON’S Life of Collins.

NOTES TO ADORIO.

Note 1, Page 55.

" Each high desire of generous youth."

For the modern system of education in Italy, see the last chapter of M. Sismondi's History.

Note 2, Page 57.

*" When brave Carrara, for his right,
'Gainst Venice wag'd unequal fight."*

Francis Carrara, signor of Padua, maintained for a considerable time, an heroic, but unsuccessful struggle, against the superior power of the Venetians, in the earlier part of the fifteenth century. He was treacherously made prisoner, and put to death, with two of his sons, in the prisons of Venice, by order of the Council of Ten. The transaction is one of the foulest in the Venetian annals, stained as they are with every variety of crime.

See the Histories of Messieurs SISMONDI and DARU.

Note 3, Page 59.

" Twist knotty points in ready verse."

I have myself seen, during the Carnival at Rome, two Italians, apparently of the middle class, attack each other with the utmost fluency in extempore verse. In every species of buffoonery they are still unrivalled.

NOTES TO THE SHORTER POEMS.

Note 1, Page 78.

"Nor shepherd to heed them, nor master is nigh."

The reader will discover in this, and the following stanza, a resemblance to some passages in Mr. Campbell's fine poem of Lochiel's Warning.

Note 2, Page 81.

"Remember Aiznadin."

The battles of Aiznadin and Yermuk, in which the Greeks were defeated by the Saracens, were both fought in Syria, during the reign of Heraclius.

GIBBON, vol. ix.

Note 3, Page 84.

"Bold Aquitain fled."

Eudes, Count or Duke of Aquitain, was defeated by the Saracens previous to the battle of Tours.

See GIBBON.

Note 4, Page 84.

"Their bravest are fallen, and their orient light."

*"But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?"*

LORD BYRON.

Note 5, Page 86.

"The Regicide."

This poem was suggested by a story of the Regicide, Richard Whalley, told by Major Bridgnorth in Peveril of the Peak.

Note 6, Page 88.

"The just have fall'n by Ahab's sword."

The execution of the Regicides by Charles II.

Note 7, Page 98.

"The death of Ægeus."

I have entitled this poem a ballad, in imitation of the beautiful compositions to which Schiller has given that name, perhaps the most perfect things of their kind in existence. It is not, I believe, exactly similar to any production in the English language.

Note 8, Page 100.

*"Rise from the caves, Leucothea, where
Thou braidst with pearls thy golden hair."*

*"Höre meinen Ruf erschallen,
Steig' aus deinen grünen hallen,
Selige Leucothea."*

SCHILLER'S Hero und Leander.

Note 9, Page 102.

"No tear bedews his aged eye."

The following passage from the poem above quoted, equally remarkable for simplicity and genuine pathos, is one of many which might be given, to prove the injustice of the charge of mawkish sentimentality, brought against the Germans, by those who are only acquainted with their worst writings.

*"Ja, er ist's, der auch entseelet
Seinem heil'gen Schwur nicht feblet!"*

Schnellen Blicks erkennt sie ihn.
Reine Klage lässt sie schallen,
Reine Thräne sieht man fallen,
Ralt, verzweifelnd starrt sie hin.
Trostlos in die öde Tiefe
Blickt sie, in des Äthers Licht,
Und ein edles Teuer röthet
Das erbleichte Angesicht."

Note 10, Page 104.

"*The spirit of Thekla.*"

Schiller wrote these lines, on being asked what he intended should be the fate of Thekla, in his play of Wallenstein. The metre and number of lines are the same as in the original.

Note 11, Page 112.

"*The Sicilian Vespers.*"

The atrocities perpetrated by Charles of Anjou, and his two lieutenants, in the kingdom of the two Sicilies, are too numerous to be mentioned here; but that the reader may be satisfied that the view I have taken of the subject is perfectly justifiable, I refer him to the twenty-first and twenty-second chapters of M. Sismondi's History: in particular to the eight days' sack of Beneventum, a town which had offered no resistance to the French; and to the massacre of Augusta, betrayed to Guillaume l'Etendard, one of Charles's generals. As soon as he was in possession of the place, he caused a scaffold to be erected by the sea-shore, and executed every inhabitant upon it.

The horrors of St. Bartholomew, and of the Revolution, are no new things in the history of the French. The cruelty for which they have always been distinguished, is of another character from that of the Spaniards and Orientals: the latter arises from indifference to human suffering; the former from a fiendish delight in it.

Manfred was defeated and killed, through the treachery of the barons of Apulia, at the battle of Grandella; Conradin, grandson of Frederic II., was defeated and taken prisoner at the battle of Tagliacozzo, and executed afterwards at Naples by the sentence of one only of Charles's judges, who was killed on the spot for his servility, by Robert of Flanders, Charles's own son-in-law. The glove which Conradin flung down from the scaffold, was, it is said, taken up and carried to Don Pedro of Arragon, husband of Constance, the sister of Manfred; who afterwards became, in a great measure, through the unwearied efforts of Giovanni di Procida, the sovereign of Sicily.

Note 12, Page 112.

*"Of that fair vale, whose every charm
The sword might blunt, revenge disarm."*

The situation of Palermo is in some respects superior in beauty even to that of Naples. It stands close to the sea, at the extremity of a vale, five or six miles in length, formed by an amphitheatre of mountains, on one side extending uninterruptedly to the sea, and on the other breaking off at a short distance from it, leaving a level space, of about half a mile in breadth, between the chain, and the singularly bold insulated rock, called Monte Pellegrino, the mountain of St. Rosalia, the patron saint of Palermo. In variety

and luxuriance of vegetation, the vale is unrivalled by any thing I remember to have seen in Sicily. Palermo is a considerable town, regularly built, with the streets, for the most part, at right angles to each other, so that there is scarcely any part of it where a person can stand, without having on each side of him a long vista, terminated by the sea or the mountains.

Note 13, Page 120.

"The raptures of the battle plain."

It would not be easy, in any language, to find a finer, or more truly lyrical stanza, than the following, from Manzoni's ode to Napoleon, entitled "Il Cinque Maggio."

"La procellosa e trepida
Gioia del gran disegno,
L'ansia d'un cor, che indocile
Ferve pensando al regno,
E 'l giugne, e tiene un premio
Ch'era follia sperar,
Tutto ei provò: la gloria
Maggior dopo il periglio,
La fuga e la vittoria,
La reggia, e 'l triste esiglio,
Due volte nella polvere,
Due volte sugli altar."

"Republics, monarchies, are only names," says a German poet. How little they have to do with real liberty, is abundantly proved by the circumstances, that the greatest tyranny which ever existed was that of the republic of Venice; and that the citizens of no republic whatever, ancient

or modern, with the single exception of America, ever enjoyed so much liberty as British subjects do now.

The first stanza of this poem was not composed in any frantic love of democracy, which may be a good or bad thing, according to circumstances, but because it was necessary to write an ode to Washington in the spirit with which an American would have written it.

Note 14, Page 131.

*"Where by the vine and fig-tree shade
Roll'd the deep river through the glade."*

Washington, in one of his letters to La Fayette, speaks with delight of reposing under his own vine, and his own fig-tree, on the banks of the Potowmac. Unfortunately, I have not the passage by me.

Note 15, Page 126.

"And stood upon a boundless plain."

"Through lands we fled, o'er seas we flew,
And halted on a boundless plain;
Where nothing fed, nor breath'd, nor grew,
But silence rul'd the still domain.

"Upon that boundless plain, below,
The setting sun's last rays were shed,
And gave a mild and sober glow,
Where all were still, asleep, or dead;
Vast ruins in the midst were spread,
Pillars and pediments sublime,
Where the gray moss had form'd a bed,
And cloth'd the crumbling spoils of time."

SIR EUSTACE GREY.

It is unfortunate, that in so many of his works Mr. Crabbe should have thought proper to abandon the elevated style, over which, in this, and other instances, he has proved himself to possess such a powerful command.

Note 16, Page 127.

"A city fair beside."

The incident of the city, in which every person had been changed into stone, is taken from the story of Zobeide, in the "Arabian Nights."

Note 17, Page 131.

"To Poetry."

The metre of this poem is the same with that of Shelley's exquisite "Ode to a Skylark."

Note 18, Page 137.

"Sir Henry Mostyn."

This story is founded on a real occurrence.

Note 19, Page 144.

"In storms a solitary gleam."

"A sunny island in a stormy main,
A speck of azure in a cloudy sky."

Note 20, Page 145.

"To find a wretch more lost than they."

I feel particular pleasure in quoting the following fine lines from Dryden, whom it is the cant of the day to censure as an artificial poet.

“Think, timely think of the last dreadful day ;
How will you tremble there to stand expos’d,
The foremost, in the rank of guilty ghosts,
That must be doom’d for murder ; think on murder ;
That troop is plac’d apart from common crimes,
The damn’d themselves start wide, and shun that band,
As far more black, and more forlorn than they.”

THE END.

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